

# WOMAN BURGLAR NOW CHARGED WITH ARSON



Ella Mallon, Accused of Being a Firebug.

## la Mallon Arrested for Causing a Nearly Fatal Blaze.

### AD SWORN VENGEANCE

rops of Kerosene Traced from the Scene to Her Room.

Ella Mallon, aged thirty-three, who has a distinction of having been Brooklyn's first and only woman burglar, is again under arrest in Raymond street jail, this time charged with arson. It is claimed by those who arrested her that she set fire to the free-store and basement frame building at No. 194 Adams street, at 4 a. m. yesterday.

The stairs leading to the front entrance of the house were ablaze at that hour, and the timely intervention of two Journal boys prevented what would necessarily have been a fatal fire.

Ella Mallon is known as No. 1919 in the Brooklyn Rogues' Gallery. When still a young and pretty girl she served a term in the Kings County Penitentiary for burglary. She was arrested in 1882 for having entered, with a jimmy, a shoe store on Concord street, near the Bridge, and convicted. There was much interest in the handsome, blue-eyed girl, then scarcely seventeen years of age. Upon the expiration of her sentence of eight years, a wealthy Montana farmer came to Brooklyn with the avowed object of carrying her home as his wife.

His suit for some reason was unsuccessful. Prison life had not softened the young woman. The farmer went home alone, and wiser. The Mallon girl—girl no longer—experienced woman—left the house. She was not long alone, however, as she explained yesterday to a Journal reporter.

**A Well-Known Character.**  
Ella Mallon, or Mrs. Mallon, as she is sometimes called, kept herself in Brooklyn, sometimes she was at liberty to do what she pleased, sometimes she was in dress, for she had taken to drink and soon became a well-known character in the police courts.

For such a woman the hardest problem in the securing of a place of habitation, Brooklyn is well known as a moral city. She applied for lodgings four weeks ago to Mrs. Kate Meade. Mrs. Meade has a three-story and basement frame dwelling at No. 194 Adams street. The applicant looked respectable and Mrs. Meade rented her a room on the second floor.

"For the first week Miss Mallon behaved herself all right," said Mrs. Meade, "but after that I soon discovered that I had made a mistake in taking her in. It required but little time to find out that she was not the woman I had been led to believe she was. She was not long alone, however, as she explained yesterday to a Journal reporter."

**Barely in Time to Save Lives.**  
The men, followed by others, sprang in the rear and pounded on the door until it opened. The woman was awakened by a sound, she started up, and she told her of what happened. The other inmates were awakened by the sound of the door being opened. The woman was awakened by a sound, she started up, and she told her of what happened. The other inmates were awakened by the sound of the door being opened.

# 71ST CELEBRATES SAN JUAN DAY.

Its Band Plays a New Fantaisie, "With Teddy's Terrors."

## OBSERVED ELSEWHERE.

Tablets to the Memory of Col. Egbert and His Men Unveiled at Cincinnati.

**T**HE anniversary of the battle of San Juan Hill, which occurred yesterday, was enthusiastically celebrated by the members of the Seventy-first Regiment. The feature of the day was a "San Juan" concert in Central Park, given by the Fanciful Seventy-first Regimental Band.

The programme was made up entirely of patriotic music. It ended with a descriptive fantasia by Fanchull, entitled, "A Day with Teddy's Terrors at the Battle of San Juan."

This music, which was received heartily by a large crowd in the Park, cleverly tells the story of the Seventy-first's trip to Cuba, beginning with the scene in the armory previous to departure, taking in the start for the front, the bivouac on the hills around Santiago, a beautiful dawn with dreams of barnyard sounds, the song before breakfast, the advance, the ambush, the fight, the victory, with "Old Glory" for a finale.

A large number of the soldiers and their friends assembled in the Park and listened to the band, while they exchanged reminiscences of the event.

The battle of San Juan Hill was the great decisive battle of the war. It was one of the most gallant contests ever fought by American or any other troops. On the heights of San Juan Hill was a strong Spanish blockhouse commanding one of the entrances to Santiago city. The Spaniards reeked upon the position as almost impregnable under heavy artillery were used.

Roosevelt's Rough Riders, several companies of the Seventy-first Regiment and a large number of regulars under General Canby, took the hill. They were received with a withering fire that laid low hundreds of the American boys in blue.

The survivors, with almost reckless courage, pressed on and fought their way to the blockhouse. So plucky was the onslaught that foreign military attaches who saw it marvelled at the sight.

The Spaniards fled from the blockhouses, carrying their wounded with them. They were as much surprised at the splendid gallantry of the Americans as were the other regulars and volunteers, however, the deed seemed very matter of fact. They wanted that blockhouse, and they took it regardless of intermeddled perils.

It is not surprising that the first birthday of the San Juan Hill was made every New Yorker feel a thrill of patriotism. The glow of enthusiasm for it was on July 1 that two New York military bodies celebrated the feat.

The first officers blundered was no reflection upon the lion hearted pluck of the boys of the regiment.

General Wheeler wrote in the Journal yesterday that the battle began a new epoch in our history. It was the first open victory of American arms on land, with the exception of a few brushes on the Canadian border.

As compared with the great battles of the world, said "whereas some men were engaged, the number of soldiers on our side may be said to be insignificant. But the far reaching effects of that battle exceed those of many of the conflicts of historical importance."

From the day of the victory on San Juan Hill, the United States has been one of the leading powers of the world.

**COMISKIE'S MISTAKE**  
**WILL COST HIM DEAR.**

His Tantrum in Court Caused the Justice to Add Five Months to His Sentence.

John Comiskie, of No. 449 West Sixteenth street, was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Court yesterday, charged with an assault upon his father, and was held in \$100 bail for his good behavior for one month.

When sentence was pronounced Comiskie made a desperate rush for Policeman John Halsey, who had arrested him, and it took six policemen to subdue the prisoner.

Magistrate Olmsted then ordered him to be taken again and changed his sentence from one to six months.

**Signed a Letter and Died.**  
Derby, Conn., July 1.—John E. Jacobs, aged fifty-two years, manager of the shoe firm of Wallace Elliot & Co., of New York, died very suddenly in the Bassett House, this city, this morning. He had risen at 6 o'clock and written a letter, just having signed his name, when he fell back in his chair dead. The medical examiner believes death to have been due to apoplexy. He leaves a wife, two sons and two daughters.

**Pleaded Guilty of Pension Frauds.**  
Providence, R. I., July 1.—Abbie J. Blake, who was indicted by the Federal Grand Jury about a year ago for complicity in several pension fraud cases, before the United States District Court here today retracted her former plea of not guilty. She was sentenced to pay a fine of \$100 and costs on each of four indictments. The fines and costs were paid and the woman was discharged.

**Kip's Grooms Fight About Cervera.**  
Two grooms employed in Colonel Lawrence Kip's stables, at No. 120 East Forty-first street, were discharged by Magistrate Olmsted in the Jefferson Market Court, yesterday. They had been taken to a conference of opinions about Admiral Cervera's merits. John Hogan told the Court that Frederic Neal threatened to paint the naval battle of Santiago on his face. Neal, however, did that job for Hogan.

**"Fork Hal Kin Pies."**  
Last week a Greek, with a box and satchel, arrived at Westbury, L. I. He was unable to speak English, but could understand a few words. He had a paper with "Fork hal Kin Pies" written on it. The man was taken before the local gospel committee at the grocery store, where, after much cogitation, the committee came to the conclusion that the Greek wanted "Fork hal Kin Pies."

**Accidents of a Lay.**  
William Van Brunt was found dead yesterday on the tracks at Rahway, N. J. He fell between two cars and was cut in two.

Michael Walsh, forty-four years old, of No. 3 East Thirtieth street, was found lying down a door at No. 881 Second avenue, and died of a heart attack. He was attended by Dr. Solley, of the New York Hospital, and went home.

Edward Kelsey, a brakeman, was killed yesterday by being run over on the Pennsylvania Railroad track at Elizabeth, N. J.

Horace Lemming, fifty years old, a paperhanger, of No. 137 West Thirty-sixth street, fell down a flight of stairs and broke his right knee. He was taken to the New York Hospital.

Thomas McNeill, of No. 251 East One Hundred and Thirtieth street, was struck by a street car at Third avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, yesterday. He was knocked down and his shoulder dislocated. He was taken to the Harlem Hospital.

Nicholas Dennis, fourteen years of age, of No. 225 East One Hundred and Eighth street, was thrown against a wall yesterday, by an unknown person, receiving a scalp wound and contusions of the face. He was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital.

# A HUNDRED LITTLE REFORMED TRUANTS ON A JOYOUS HOLIDAY AT LAKE KISSAM.



Mrs. Alger and a Hundred of Her "Reformed" Truants Have an Outing.

They ride out to Lake Kissam, near Flushing, and enjoy a holiday bathing, playing, singing and eating a good dinner.

"Catch on to de water!"

"Gee, dere's a scorcher!"

Over the flats of Woodside yesterday sounded the exclamations of a hundred boys. They were the voices of Mrs. M. E. R. Alger's "Reformers," bound at her invitation for a day's outing at Lake Kissam, near Flushing.

"I call them my reformed hookeys," explained Mrs. Alger, manager of the Truant School on East Twenty-first street. This is the reward of their reformation.

"Ice-cream an' cakes an' fishin' an' swimmin' when we gets there," supplemented a ragged urchin.

"How big's the lake?"

"Can we really play on the grass?"

"Where's de cops?"

Mrs. Alger and her assistants were kept busy answering the questions hurled from every part of the trolley.

The boys had marched quietly enough through the streets from the truant school, but at the sight of green fields, at the glimpse of bits of water, at an overhanging

willow they nearly threw themselves off the moving car.

"I never seed nothin' like them there cherry trees," sighed a small boy, whose head had almost touched a passing post in his effort to see more. "An' they wants feller's to stop in school when there's them."

He sighed, as he was dragged back into his seat, comforted with the promise of a nearer view later in the day.

"Hully gee, but there's a bush to sleep under! Tell yer what, feller, that's better nor no stable in this weather." This sentiment came from "Gillie," as he is called by the other reformed truants. He is an authority on stables. He slept in one for nine weeks. He was found there finally by the officers of the Truant School and released.

"They didn't care to home," he explained yesterday, "where I went, nor where I slept, so long as I wasn't no bother an' kept out of their ways."

"Gillie," by the way, is one of last year's "Reformers," and was only a guest yesterday, by courtesy of Mrs. Alger. He has a place as messenger in a large dry goods shop by a special dispensation of the school board.

The rest of the party yesterday looked up to him as a self-supporting member of the community.

At Flushing the boys leaped from the car and dashed into the woods in search of the wonderful lake that was theirs for the day. They were met by members of the W. C. T. U., who provided the luncheon and guided their steps.

One little urchin climbed over a fence and plucked a mass of red flowers. "I ain't never seed their likes afore," he exclaimed when caught in the act. Then he burst into tears. "I thought yer says everything's free, an' dere wasn't no cops!"

But the best of all the things promised the boys finally came true. They halted by the borders of pretty Lake Kissam. They had sandwiches and ice-cream and cakes.

They had an impromptu concert, too. A little girl in white, little Marie Frende, the smallest singer in Flushing, sang a ballad.

During it they nudged one another, and finally one plucked up courage.

"Baker can sing great," he said.

"Baker for Baker!" At last Baker was pushed to the front, blushing, his ragged cap pulled over his eyes.

"Break the news to mother."

It sounded through the forest clearly, and was echoed back in a chorus sung by all the reformed truants.

# WALDORF-ASTORIA GUESTS PAID HIM.

"Dr." Clarence Foster Confesses That He Is Not a Doctor.

Clarence Foster, known to guests of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel during the past year, for whom he had been prescribing medicines as "Dr. Foster," was held for trial on two warrants yesterday. He has had one office at No. 503 Fifth avenue, and another at No. 26 West Twenty-third street. The County Medical Society has been trying for a year to get evidence against Foster. Robert C. Taylor, counsel for the society, and Agents Daniel Getz and Henry

Loring, appeared before Magistrate Meade in the Yorkville Court, on Friday, and got warrants for his arrest. He was taken into custody this morning in the Twenty-third street office.

Foster is a tall, good-looking man, with a light mustache, and is twenty-eight years of age. When he was arraigned in the Yorkville Court, yesterday, Mr. Taylor explained that a year ago he had obtained a summons for a Dr. E. B. of No. 309 Fifth avenue. When the summons was taken to the house, Dr. Foster said he was not Dr. E. B. Mrs. Caroline Westfield, of No. 248 East Seventy-seventh street, testified that the prisoner, as "Dr. E. B.," had treated her for pains of the back and sides and headaches. Daniel Getz said that he had been treated by "Dr. Foster" for a skin disease, and Agent Loring said he also had been treated.

"Are you a doctor?" asked Magistrate Meade of Foster.

"No, I am not," answered Foster.

"You practised?" put in Mr. Taylor.

"I simply gave the patient medicines. I have a facial salve and other preparations I obtained from Germany which I know to be good, and it is no harm to do good to humanity if you can. I consider this safe a good healer, and I have violated no law in using it."

"Where is Dr. E. B.?" continued Mr. Taylor.

"There is no Dr. E. B. He only existed in my imagination."

"Then you have been practising under a lie?" asked Mr. Taylor.

"Dr. Foster remained silent."

"You are in the office at No. 26 West Twenty-third street?"

"Yes."

"How many other physicians are there?"

"Three or four."

"What are your duties?"

"I put on salve, examine and give treatment."

"You have a sign there 'Dr. C. Foster. That's meant for you?'"

"There was no response from the prisoner, whom Magistrate Meade held in \$500 bail on two charges."

The society representative who said that Foster had been practising on Waldorf-Astoria guests said he had been so told by two reputable physicians. He refused to give their names.

**Two Drowned in the Erie Canal.**  
Lockport, N. Y., July 1.—Cornelius Hartigan, aged thirty years, and Maria Mahar were driving home from Gasport along the Erie Canal this afternoon when their horse plunged into the water. Both were drowned, and the horse, before help arrived, Harligan was a prosperous farmer.

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